



Murray J. Rivette

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BIG DOG PUBLISHING
P.O. Box 1401
Rapid City, SD 57709

The Quest for Treasure Island

FARCE. Don't ye believe all ye hear, maties, as most of it be "fake news." Long John Silver is here to tell ye the real news, the true story of *Treasure Island*, in which he is a "reformed pirate," not a villain. When Jim Hawkins buys a treasure map on Craigslist, Long John Silver is eager to set sail to find the buried treasure. He hires two "experienced" sailors who use "alternative facts" and some lady pirates who auditioned to be Tampa Bay Buccaneers cheerleaders but didn't make the cut. The ship's captain can't remember names, and the second mate isn't good with common expressions, sayings, or idioms. There's bluster, boasting, unburied treasure, a pizza-ordering castaway, and plenty of laughs in this fun show!

Performance Time: Approximately 45-60 minutes.

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Robert Louis Stevenson

About the Story

Author Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894) was born in Edinburg, Scotland, and suffered from repeated bouts of illness throughout his life. Stevenson first published *Treasure Island* as a serialized story in a children's magazine from 1881-1882, and it was his first widely known book. Stevenson sailed to many islands in the Pacific as he was always looking for a location that would prove beneficial to his health where there was warm weather and fresh sea air. Stevenson died on the island of Samoa when he was 44 years old and is buried on a spot overlooking the sea. His tombstone reads:

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

Some of Stevenson's other works include *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Kidnapped*, and his story "The Bottle Imp."

Characters

(3 M, 5 F, 4 flexible)

REGINALD ALOYSIUS "LONG JOHN" SILVER: Reformed pirate who claims the original tale of Treasure Island is "fake news"; male.

JIM/JANE HAWKINS: Bought a treasure map on Craigslist; flexible.

ANNIE HAWKINS: Owns the Admiral Benbow Inn; believes in the importance of wearing clean underwear and not running around with a scissors; wears an apron; female.

CAPTAIN HORATIO SMOLLETT: Ship captain who isn't good with names; won't have anything to do with politics because there are too many scoundrels in it; male.

TOBY/TABITHA SHORT: Sailor employed by Captain Smollett who has no experience sailing a ship; likes to use "alternative facts"; taller than Tall; flexible

EPHRAIM/EMMA TALL: Sailor employed by Captain Smollett who has no experience sailing a ship; likes to use "alternative facts"; shorter than Short; flexible.

SQUIRE AMBROSE DUNWOODY: Not good with common expressions, sayings, or idioms; male

SOPHIE: Pirate who served on "The Good Ship Lollipop"; female.

HANNAH: Pirate who tried to be a Tampa Bay Buccaneers' cheerleader but didn't make the cut; female

REBEKAH: Pirate who tried to be a Tampa Bay Buccaneers' cheerleader but didn't make the cut; female.

TONDALAYO: Pirate who tried to be a Tampa Bay Buccaneers' cheerleader but didn't make the cut; female.

BEN/BETH GUNN: Castaway who likes to order pizza delivered from a neighboring island; wears tattered clothing and has a long scraggly beard; flexible.

NOTE: For flexible roles, change the script accordingly.

Setting

The mainland and "Treasure" Island.

Set

Admiral Benbow Inn, dining room. A rundown inn. There are two wooden chairs and a table. A lamp and folded paper are on the table. There is a doorway and small bench at one side

Waterfront tavern. There is a bar and four tables. Three of the tables have two chairs and the fourth table has four chairs.

Deck of the ship "Hispaniola." There is a ship railing downstage.

"Treasure" Island. There is a large shrub like a palmetto bush at an upstage corner and a palm tree at a downstage corner.

Benn Gunn's stockade. There is a small hut downstage and some small bushes opposite.

Synopsis of Scenes

Scene 1: Admiral Benbow Inn.

Scene 2: A waterfront tavern.

Scene 3: Admiral Benbow Inn.

Scene 4: Deck of the ship "Hispaniola"

Scene 5: Treasure Island.

Scene 6: Ben Gunn's stockade.

Props

Newspaper
Tea tray, teapot, 4 teacups
Treasure map
6 Mugs
Dish rag
Plastic toy knife
4 Plastic toy swords
Bamboo fishing pole with fishing line
Treasure chest
Assorted coupon books and coupons

**"I told you not to count
your chickens
without a calculator."**

—Dunwoody

Scene 1

(AT RISE: Admiral Benbow Inn, dining room. There are two wooden chairs and a table. A lamp and folded paper are on the table. There is a doorway and small bench at one side. Captain Smollett is seated at the table. Annie Hawkins is standing next to him. Long John enters. Note: Both stay frozen during Long John's opening monologue.)

LONG JOHN: *(To audience.)* Ahoy, maties! Well, shiver me timbers if it ain't time for a story of 'idden treasure. I be Long John Silver, and I be the 'ero of the story. *(Gives a thumbs-up.)* Oh, I know, some of you may 'ave 'eard of me from a different version of this 'ere tale, where they made me out to be the villain. But don't ye believe all ye 'ear, maties. Most of it be "fake news." And I'm 'ere to tell ye the real news—the true story of, that's right, Treasure Island. This is a story about buried treasure and swashbuckling pirates. In me younger days, I was one of them swashbucklers. Unfortunately, as I got older, the years took their toll, and I began to buckle where I should have swashed! The two people ye see 'ere are Captain 'oratio Smollett, as fine a ship's captain as ye'd ever want to meet. And the lovely lady standin' there is Mistress Annie 'awkins. She owns the Admiral Benbow Inn, which by the way, is this somewhat rundown place. We're in the dining room, and as ye can see, it's not much of a sumptuous atmosphere, but it'll 'ave to do for our story. In a few minutes, ye'll meet Squire Ambrose Dunwoody and young Jim 'awkins, Mistress Annie's young lad. And a fine young lad 'e is, too! In fact, 'e's the one 'oo gets the story goin' when 'e—oh, never mind. Ye'll see soon enough. I'll be leavin' ye now, but I won't be goin' far away. I intends to 'ang around and see 'ow our story presents itself. *(Goes to the door and sits on the bench.)* I'll be stayin' right 'ere. Shhhh! Don't say a word!

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ANNIE: (*Unfreezes.*) Would there be anything else that you'd like, Captain Smollett?

SMOLLETT: (*Unfreezes.*) No, thank you, Mistress Hawkins, not at the moment. Perhaps a little later I'll have a cup of tea.

ANNIE: I'll be happy to serve you, sir, whenever you're ready.

(*Annie exits. Dunwoody enters and sits at the table with Smollett.*)

DUNWOODY: Ah, good evening, Horatio. I thought I might catch you here. Have you had your supper?

SMOLLETT: I have, thank you. Mistress Hawkins's bangers and mash are the best in the entire kingdom, I daresay.

DUNWOODY: Ah, quite right, old chap, I've had her sausages, Horatio, and they are the "cat's pantaloons," as the saying goes.

SMOLLETT: The cat's what?

DUNWOODY: The cat's pantaloons...you know, really good!

SMOLLETT: I think you mean the "cat's pajamas," Ambrose. That's the saying, "the cat's pajamas."

DUNWOODY: Why on earth would a cat need pajamas?

SMOLLETT: For the same reason he'd need pantaloons...to complete his wardrobe, of course.

DUNWOODY: Ah. Good point. All right, then...the cat's pajamas. How's that?

SMOLLETT: Good. Very good, Ambrose. Now, I read in the newspaper... (*Picks up the newspaper, unfolds it, and points to an article.*) ...that the ship "Hispaniola" is for sale. I was wondering if you would like to come in with me as my partner in purchasing the boat. An equal partnership, of course.

DUNWOODY: Me...as your partner? That would be top-notch, old boy! Would I have to learn how to sail? Better yet, would you *teach* me to sail?

SMOLLETT: No, no, you wouldn't *have* to learn to sail. I'd be the ship's captain, and you'd be whatever you want to be. But you'd get to go with me on any voyage I might

undertake. But I will teach you how to sail, if you'd like.
How does that sound to you?

DUNWOODY: Why, that would be right up my street,
Horatio.

SMOLLETT: Your...street?

DUNWOODY: Yes, you know, something that I can do very
well...be a passenger and not do any work.

SMOLLETT: But I believe the saying is "right up your alley,"
not "street."

DUNWOODY: That's silly. I don't think it would be a good
idea to go up an alley in this crime-ridden city. I can't
imagine going into any alley in town, what with cutpurses,
muggers, and what-have-you lurking in the dark, shadowy
doorways. But, all right, if you say so. I have trouble
remembering those things.

SMOLLETT: Ambrose, I'm going to have some tea. Would
you like to join me in a cup?

DUNWOODY: I don't think a cup would be big enough for
both of us.

SMOLLETT: What?

DUNWOODY: I don't see for the life of me how we could
both possibly fit in a cup.

SMOLLETT: Ambrose, it's just an expression. What I meant
was, "Would you like to *have* a cup of tea with me?"

DUNWOODY: Oh! Silly me! Of course! I'd love to join—
(*Realizes.*) ...*have* a cup of tea with you, Horatio.

SMOLLETT: Good! (*Calls.*) Mistress Hawkins! (*Pause. Calls.*)
Oh, Mistress Hawkins!

(*Annie enters.*)

ANNIE: Yes, Captain Smollett?

SMOLLETT: Mistress Hawkins, would you please be so kind
as to bring some tea for Squire Dunwoody and me?

ANNIE: Oh, to be sure, sir. I've already got the kettle on, so it
should only be a few minutes.

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SMOLLETT: Splendid! Thank you.

ANNIE: You're very welcome, sir. *(Exits.)*

SMOLLETT: So then, Ambrose, are you up for adventure on the high seas?

DUNWOODY: I've only been on the ocean once before, and that was when I took a passage to [In-ja]. *[Note: "India."]*

SMOLLETT: Did you enjoy your voyage?

DUNWOODY: Oh, yes, indeed! It was jolly good. I'm looking forward to sailing with you, old friend.

(Annie enters, carrying a tea service and places it on the table.)

ANNIE: Here you are, gents. I'll just put the amount on your bill, Captain Smollett, if that's all right with you.

SMOLLETT: Absolutely. That will be just fine.

(Annie pours tea for Smollett and Dunwoody. Jim enters and runs past a dozing Long John, who wakes up.)

JIM: Mum, Mum, look what I've got! *(Waves a treasure map in the air.)*

ANNIE: James Hawkins, how many times have I told you... *(Shouts.)* ...no running inside the inn! And, besides, you're interrupting.

JIM: Sorry, Mum.

ANNIE: You're not carrying scissors, are you?

JIM: No, Mum.

ANNIE: Well, that's a relief. I've told you a dozen times that there is to be no running inside the inn, and especially there's to be no running with scissors!

JIM: Yes, Mum. I mean...no, Mum. I mean...I don't really know what I mean, Mum, but just look at what I have here!

(Jim hands Annie the map. Annie hands it back to Jim.)

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ANNIE: Now, Son, you know your dear, old mum doesn't know how to read. You tell me what it says, if you please.

JIM: All right, Mum. What it says right here is... *(Points to the top of the paper.)* ... "treasure map."

DUNWOODY/SMOLLETT/ANNIE: Treasure map?!

(Long John jumps up.)

LONG JOHN: *(Mouths.)* Treasure map?

(From the doorway, Long John leans in to hear better.)

JIM: *(To Dunwoody, Smollett, and Annie.)* Yes, it's a gen-u-ine treasure map.

SMOLLETT: How do you know it's genuine, Jack?

JIM: *(Correcting.)* "Jim."

SMOLLETT: What?

JIM: *(Correcting.)* "Jim," sir. My name's not "Jack," it's "Jim."

SMOLLETT: Whatever. So, how do you know it's genuine?

DUNWOODY: *(To Jim.)* Yes, how?

JIM: I bought it on Craigslist.

DUNWOODY/SMOLLETT/ANNIE: Craigslist?

LONG JOHN: *(Mouths.)* Craigslist?

JIM: Yes. And from what I read, this man claims to have been with Captain Bluebeard when he buried the treasure on the island. The other pirates were going to either strand him there or have him put to death, but he escaped their clutches.

SMOLLETT: And you believe what he said?

JIM: Oh, yes. I trust Craigslist to be honest in all its dealings.

[END OF FREEVIEW]